

# Good Morning

\$23

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



**Y**OUR request that I would send you an account of my Uncle's end, so that you may transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if his death shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am aware, will be rendered for ever deathless. . . .

He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the twenty-fourth of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud of very unusual size and appearance. He had sunned himself, then taken a cold bath, and after a leisurely luncheon was engaged in study.

He immediately called for his shoes and went up an eminence from whence he might best view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernable from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to be Vesuvius. . . .

My Uncle, true savant that he was, deemed the phenomenon important and worth a nearer view. . . .

As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger (his villa stood just below us, and there was no way to escape but by sea); she earnestly entreated him to save her from such deadly peril. He changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic, turn of mind.

He ordered large galleys to be launched, and went himself on board one, with the intention of assisting not only Rectina, but many others; the Villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. Hastening to the place from whence others were flying, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with such freedom from fear, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the successive motions and figures of that terrific object.

And now cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, then pumice stones too, with stones blackened, scorched and cracked by fire, then the sea ebbed suddenly from under them, while the shore was blocked up by land slips from the mountains. . . .

In the meanwhile Mount

Vesuvius was blazing in several places, with spreading and towering flames, whose refulgent brightness the darkness of the night set in high relief. But my Uncle, in order to soothe apprehensions, kept saying that some fires had been left alight by the terrified country people, and what they saw were only deserted villas on fire in the abandoned district. After this he retired to rest. . . .

On being aroused, he came out and returned to Pompeianus and the others, who had sat up all night. They consulted together as to whether they should hold out in the house, or wander about in the open. For the house now tottered under repeated and violent concussions, and seemed to rock to and fro as if torn from its foundations. In the open air, on the other hand, they dreaded the falling pumice stones, light and porous though they were; yet this, by comparison, seemed the lesser danger of the two; a conclusion which my Uncle arrived at by balancing fears.

They tied pillows upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the showers that fell around them.

It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night; relieved, however, by many torches and divers illuminations. They thought proper to go down upon the shore to observe from close at hand if they could possibly put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and contrary.

There my Uncle, having thrown himself down upon a disused sail, repeatedly called for, and drank, a draught of cold water; soon after, flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company in flight; him they only aroused.

He raised himself with the assistance of two of his slaves, but instantly fell; some unusually gross vapour, as I conjecture, having obstructed his breathing and blocked his windpipe, which was not only weak and constricted, but chronically inflamed. When day dawned again his body was found entire and uninjured, and still fully clothed as in life; its posture was that of sleeping, rather than a dead man.

## MESSAGE FROM HOME A.D. 79

Tacitus gets news from Pliny the Younger ABOUT A GREAT ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS

★ ★ ★

## MESSAGE FROM HOME A.D. 1943

Telegraphist Bill Britton

gets news from his sister, Netta

**Y**OUNG David Sorrell from up the road regularly calls at your home to see the model submarines you make. I saw some of them on the mantelpiece in Chesterwood Road when I called there this morning. They are certainly good models, Bill.

Your Mum and Dad are well and send you their love. Ron is home on leave for ten days, and Netta was cooking the dinner while I was there.

They are spending their leave "doing" the picture-houses and dance-halls in Brum. But this morning Ron kept Netta waiting for hours while he was choosing a gramophone record in a shop. She told him "where to get off" when he came out.

## Beneath The Surface



**I**N our talks together we have wandered far, searching for philosophy, and during the process discovered that the fundamentals of Life can be described in a variety of ways, from the deep summing-up of the Chinese to the slick wisecracking of the Americans.

Yet they all boil down to the same thing, and it all depends on how you like your commodity "dressed," which medium you choose. Obviously, you select the one which "gets home" to you and leaves you convinced of its wisdom.

At the moment I am peacefully lazing through "Fireflies," by Sir Ranindranath Tagore, the famous Indian thinker, poet, and painter, who died in August, 1941, at the age of 80.

**ASK YOURSELF THIS.**

Read a few lines with me . . . they make you think . . . peacefully.

"Leave out my name from the gift if it be a burden, but keep my song."

Do we often "keep the song," or do we forget both name and song deliberately? You know how I mean.

Someone who is fond of us gives us a token of their affection, which we accept with gratitude and a measure of pride.

Then something happens to break the friendship.

How do we gaze on the gift after that?

Do we say, "You remind me of someone I want to forget," and hide it from sight . . . or are we big enough to say, "Ah . . . I remember . . . so-and-so gave me that out of generosity of heart, possibly at a sacrifice, too. I shall never forget . . . thanks for the memory?"

Which line do you take? Again:

"Let my love, like sunlight, surround you, and yet give you illumined freedom."

Yes . . . many people hope that their love will surround someone. . . .

It does. . . in fact, it becomes a barrier of separation.

**THEY CALL IT LOVE.**

A prison wall built out of

With **AL MALE**

stones of petty jealousies, so high that no outside interests can gain entrance, and only the burning mid-day sun at the height of its orbit can illumine it.

No rising sun of possibilities . . . no lingering rays of a generous day wreathed in smiles of content at achievement . . . precious little, in fact, but sheer "witheringness."

The surrounding should be for protection, not possession, and the love be a brightening influence, so that everything appears sunny . . . that is illumined freedom . . . and none other.

**LAUGH IT OFF.**

"The burden of self is lightened when I laugh at myself."

Because, of course, the burden of self is self-created, and only by reducing its weight ourselves can we hope to lighten it.

There is a great deal of difference between the burden of self and the burdens inflicted on us by outside influences.

Even these can be reduced by a change of view-point, though admittedly it is very difficult at times. Things and people simply refuse to help, either by their complete lack of understanding or their stupidity.

But we all multiply our troubles at times and burden ourselves with a load of self-pity which positively weighs us to the ground.

This type of burden can be lightened, and there is nothing so effective as a laugh to do the trick.

After all, you are the same person deciding either to laugh or to be full of self-pity. You make the decision.

Why not let it be to smile, a little more, and oftener?

It's much more pleasant for the other people with whom you mix.

And even that is worth considering.

**THINK ON THESE.**

Here are more selections for you to read and interpret

as you think fit. . . . It's a very interesting and enlightening pastime.

"Through the silent night I hear the returning vagrant hopes of the morning, knocking at my heart."

"I am able to love my God because He gives me freedom to deny Him."

"You leave your memory as a flame to my lonely lamp of separation."

"The same sun is newly born in new lands in a ring of endless dawns."

There's a sort of vastness about those lines . . . an intimate understanding of the Universe and man's part of it.

The same "attunement" we have discussed before.

Realising that man is just as much a part of the "great scheme" as the skies, the seas, and the countless wonders of Perfection round and about.

Realising it . . . absorbing it . . . and showing our appreciation of the fact by making the most of it.

It's pretty hard to do it during the rush of life (Service or civilian), but we do get moments when we can sort of detach ourselves and have what we call "a good think."

**STOP AND THINK.**

Often it would be much better if we had a "think-on-the-Good" instead.

Every morning at three, Rabindranath Tagore sat in immovable contemplation, and for three hours did not awake from his reverie upon the nature of God.

That is why he could say, "In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play, and here I have caught sight of Him that is formless. My whole body and limbs have thrilled with His touch Who is beyond touch. What I have seen is unsurpassable."

You and I cannot spend three hours in contemplation, but we might manage to meditate long enough to catch a glimpse of the "unsurpassable."

It would be SO much better than nothing at all, wouldn't it?

Cheerio and Good Hunting.

Poor Ron says that the only time he gets ordered about is when he comes home on leave!

By the way, Tom is waiting for his papers to join the Navy, and Ken is with the First Army out East. Both are keeping well. Your pal Brian has been home on leave, and he called round to see your Mum and Dad.

Your Mother proudly showed me that big photo of you in the drawing-room. She's mighty proud of you, Bill. But I think she longs to get back to Scotland. She says Brum is too stuffy for her. She loves the Scottish breezes, and how you manage to live in a submarine—well, she says, "It just beats me."

They all long for your letters, Bill, and they send their love and kisses to you—especially from Mum.

Don't forget, when you have time, try and make some more model submarines. You are David's hero, and all the boys at his school have heard about your model submarines—made by a real submariner, too.

When you are next home on leave he will be looking for some new models. So don't disappoint him, Bill. The garden's looking good. Here's a picture of Sergeant Ron and Netta with the lawn mower.







## PA'S AWAY—BUT THEY'RE IN GOOD HANDS

Our photographer found these children travelling under heavy convoy outside a shop in Bettws-y-Coed, Wales.

## German No. 3 tells of ENGLISH ROGUES 150 YEARS AGO

JOHANN WILHELM VON ARCHENHOLZ, the third German of our quartette, spent six years in England, and then went back and wrote a book called "England und Italien," in 1787.

Archenholz was the social superior of the other three travellers, and he was a man of many adventures. He was a soldier, who retired from the German Army at the age of 22 with the rank of captain. He spent many years visiting Holland, France and Italy, besides England.

Like the others, he was attracted to this country by the personal freedom of life here. He was a shrewd observer, and wrote that the English were "rude and uncultivated" only on the surface. He used to attend our police courts to see how justice was administered, and admired our methods.

He attended the trial of Lord George Gordon, presided over by Lord Mansfield. "This magnanimous man," says Archenholz, "forgot his burnt house, with its precious library and rare manuscripts and works of art, the loss of which was occasioned by the worthless Gordon, and was simply a Judge, to give judgment according to law. He treated the insane Gordon very gently, impartially summed up all the evidence in his favour, and acquitted him."

The English sense of national honour was also praised. An innkeeper at Canterbury, who charged the French Ambassador, the Duc de Nivernois, fifty guineas for a night's lodging, was ruined by being boycotted by the city and county people who were shocked at his scandalous overcharge.

### THE SEAMY SIDE.

Archenholz was specially attracted to the seamy side of English life. He made a list of the various types of rogues in London—intelligencers, who cheated people with hopes of getting "places"; setters, who arranged fraudulent matches; dippers, trappers, swindlers, money-droppers and kidnappers.

But the English highwaymen

were not to be classed with common thieves or footpads. "Footpads," wrote Archenholz, "are only underlings compared with the knights of the highway, but they have certain notions of honour. An incident in 1786 illustrates this. Near the North of London lies the pretty village of Islington. A lady, who had a country house here, was walking alone across a field one summer evening when she noticed two suspicious persons approaching. They were joined by a third, who presently left the others and came towards her.

"She had presence of mind enough to act with decision; hurrying to meet the third man, she addressed him with an air of confidence. 'You, sir,' said she, 'look like an honest man, but I am afraid of those other two, whose designs I suspect. Pray, sir, protect me.'

"'Madam,' replied the robber, 'have no anxiety; take my arm, and on my honour I will take you out of danger. As soon as I wave my handkerchief the two men you are afraid of will vanish; they are my comrades, and we came intending to rob you, but your appeal to my protection has made all the difference, for I am not such a rogue as to abuse your confidence.'

"He accompanied her home, and when, out of gratitude, she offered him some guineas at parting, he rejected them, with the remark that he had never in his life accepted payment for a service of honour."

Archenholz took great interest in English institutions. He went to Drury Lane Theatre, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket.

He praised the general good sense of the common people, in that they were "intelligent, judicious, behaved well in a crowd, and observed the courtesies of the street."

### GARDENS BEFORE CROWNS.

The English, he said, were the greatest walkers in Europe, and delighted in gardens. To threaten a public garden was to risk a revolution. For instance, George II's Queen Caroline proposed to turn St.

# SUNDAY FARE

## Shall we ever go BY ROCKET TO MARS?

asks JOHN ELLICOTT

LATE at night, when they have left the engineering drawing offices where they design British war weapons, a little group of scientists, designers and inventors, meet in a private room in a North Country hotel once a week to discuss the craziest plan of the war.

They discuss their latest brain-child—a rocket that can take off from the surface of the earth, leave the earth's atmosphere, and perhaps travel to Mars or the Moon. The submarine-like design of this rocket, they believe, will overcome all previous snags.

Week by week other scientists are invited to criticise their scheme, for many of us believe that these well-intentioned men will come up with a bump against simple pencil-and-paper maths.

At 500 miles an hour, or 8.3 miles per minute, which is the great speed at which they intend to launch their submarine-like rocket, it is far too slow to enable any large object like a rocket with a crew of six men to leave the earth's "gravitational pull."

Sir James Jeans, who has done much research on this sort of thing, gives the minimum starting speed at sea-level at 7 miles a second, and this figure is confirmed by Le-maitre and workers at Mount Wilson Observatory.

But at the speed of even 500 m.p.h., allowing for maximum acceleration, it would take 64

years to enter the Martian atmosphere.

The cabin of the rocket would have to be very large to contain enough provisions, which brings it to the size of a fair-weather coastal tanker!

### THE "PULL OF GRAVITY."

The Moon moves over our heads at about 2,300 miles an hour. If it were not for the earth's "gravitational pull" it would go on moving in a great circle round the sun; and in less than a year, continuing at the same speed, would be 20 million miles out in space. Only the earth's "gravitational pull" prevents that—at 239,000 miles, which is the average distance of the Moon from the earth.

In terms of weight, astronomers have calculated that the earth weighs 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 (yes, 21 noughts) tons. This gigantic mass is held in its present place in the universe by the sun's "gravitational pull," and the sun is 332,000 times the weight of the earth. Because of its huge weight, its "gravitational pull" is tremendous.

On the surface of the sun a strong man (could he live in

the tremendous burning heat) would hardly be able to lift a 6lb. weight.

### INTO THE SUN.

So if it were possible to launch a rocket even at a take-off speed of 7 miles a second, it is quite certain that the sun's "pull" would ensure that instead of "Mars—Next Stop," the sun would probably be the first and only stop.

Heated arguments go on among the designers, for cynics say that quite apart from being unable to escape this inevitable end to the journey (the "navigator" of the rocket would have an easy job, for there is nothing he could control, steer or possibly navigate to control direction against against the mighty force of billions of tons), arrival near the sun would have a dreadful finality.

What we call "sunspots" are really giant fountains of flame (you can see some of them with the naked eye during an eclipse) that spurt up to several hundreds of thousands of miles from the sun's surface. Even at 360,000 miles from the sun it would be impossible for a human being to live. In the sun itself, which is entirely blazing gas, the temperature is something like 40 million degrees Centigrade—so that rocket travellers need not take warm clothing!

"We should come to rest gently in the soft, red Martian moss," one of the designers said to me after discussing the submarine rocket.

This is just a repetition of the fallacy that Mars is red. In actual truth, the quality of the light received from Mars, and measured by the most accurate

telescopes, suggests that the surface is, for the most part, like that of the moon—volcanic ash.

### IT'S A FROST.

There is very little atmosphere on Mars to retain heat, and the very warmest spot on the equator of Mars, with the noonday sun beating down, would be about as cold as London in mid-December. Frost sets in by early afternoon, and by night-fall, even at the warmest place on Mars, it must be about as cold as at our North Pole.

Astronomers used to think that seasonal changes on Mars were due to vegetation, and that this might account for the canals. Now we are quite certain that it is only ice and snow melting away at mid-summer from some of the chilly volcanic ash. It would be difficult to imagine a less hospitable spot at which to arrive. Russian steppes would be Hawaiian paradises by comparison.

To get away from Mars—if they ever got there—the travellers would have to pilot the rocket at a starting speed of 4.8 miles a second to counteract Mars' "gravitational pull." That's a speed of 17,280 miles an hour. Any suggestions?

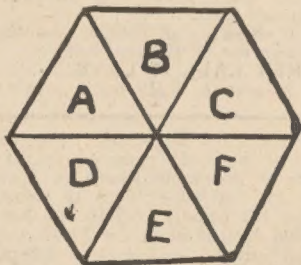
Send your—  
Stories, Jokes  
and Ideas  
to the Editor

## PUZZLE CORNER

A CURIOUS hexagon came to light, with a double figure in each of the six partitions, replaced below by the letters A, B, C, D, E & F.

The top layer of figures (A-B-C) and the bottom layer (D-E-F) each total 100; but the C-F-E half totals half as much again, as its opposite B-A-D, and the B-C-F half is 60 per cent. of its opposite A-D-E.

When it is added that C is double its opposite D, that A plus 1 is 3 times its opposite F,



and E minus 1 is 3 times its opposite B, you'll find the figuring out of this hexagon quite plain sailing!

There are plenty of clues anyway!

Solution in S 24.

1	G	R	A	P	N	E	L
2	A	G	I	L	I	T	Y
3	N	E	G	L	E	C	T
4	S	E	A	G	I	R	T
5	F	R	E	I	G	H	T
6	S	P	R	I	N	G	S
7	D	A	R	L	I	N	G

Solution to Problem in S 22.

James's Park into a French garden and to exclude the public.

When shown the approved plans and asked how much it would cost, Lord Chesterfield told the King, "Not more than three crowns." This answer saved the park.

Being a soldier, Archenholz studied the British Army. He thought it disgraceful that there should be sales of commissions to officers.

His chief admiration, however, was for the Navy, and he described the great victory of Admiral Hawke over the French in 1759, which cost France the loss of Canada and the West Indies.

"English sailors," he wrote, "are a unique class. Bred from childhood more on sea than land, they are rough, like the element. The stern discipline in English men-of-war, which has no parallel elsewhere, perhaps accounts in great measure for the wild deeds of sailors ashore; but with all their misbehaviour

they very seldom do real harm, and no class is more popular."

He had a keen sense of social life. London, with its variety of life, appealed to him, and he is happy over the number of coffee-houses, clubs and societies that existed, where "the Englishman can air his views and pay libations to his patriotism."

### AN EYE FOR BEAUTY.

The dress and figures of women attracted him. "The most elegant part of an Englishwoman's dress is her hat, which is usually adorned with ribbons and feathers... and the art with which they put them on is but imperfectly copied by foreigners, who do not know how to derive from them all their magical advantages."

Of the trade and commerce of England of those times he has much to say, and instances, as an example of "good government, good laws, and an enterprising spirit," the working of the British banks, and, above

all, the Bank of England.

The Duc de Choiseul tried to ruin the Bank, and was frustrated by the action of a hundred and twenty of the richest business men in London, who signed a document agreeing to accept the Bank of England notes as cash for three months. "From that moment," said Archenholz, "all anxiety ceased."

But he had a low opinion of the learning of our universities, and found that Scotland had outstripped the English in learning. "More true learning," he recorded, "is to be found in Edinburgh than in Oxford and Cambridge taken together."

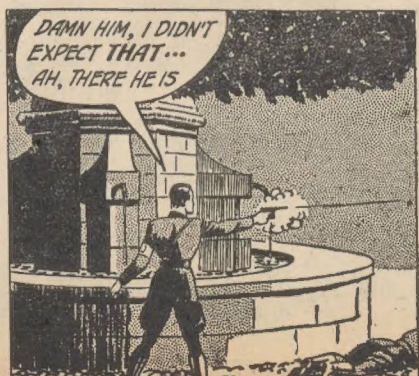
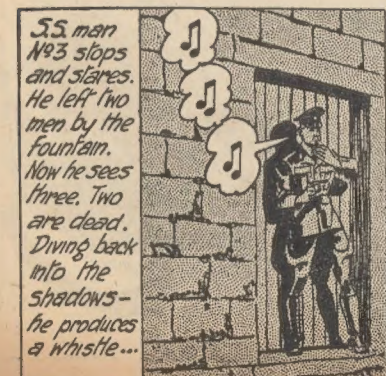
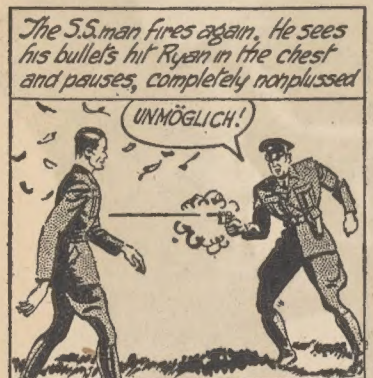
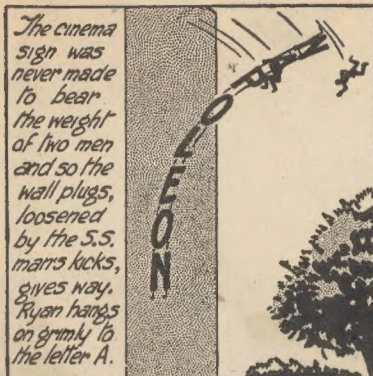
The great defect of England, he said, was ignorance of foreign languages. Englishmen then learned French, it is true, but not to speak it. German was almost unknown.

So he, too, went back to Germany, and gave place to the fourth visitor, who was in many respects different from the three others.





# BUCK RYAN



By W. H. MILLIER

THAT when R. S. Sievier bought Sceptre at auction for the then record sum of 10,000 guineas as a yearling, the general opinion was that he had more money than sense?

THAT his judgment was sound was proved by the fact that Sceptre won over £35,000 in stakes, considerably more in bets, and fetched £25,000 when afterwards sold to Sir William Bass as a brood mare.

THAT Sceptre won the 1,000 Guineas, the 2,000 Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger?

THAT another famous mare, Pretty Polly, won the 1,000 Guineas, the Oaks, the St. Leger, and numerous other races? She won £38,597 in stakes.

THAT Pretty Polly was bought at auction for 25 guineas?

THAT Commander C. B. Fry, R.N., was not only a famous cricketer?

THAT he won the long jump at inter-Varsity sports in 1892, 1893 and 1894, and beat the record with 23ft. 5in.?

THAT at these sports in 1893 he also ran a dead-heat for the 100 yards?

THAT in 1894 he also won the 100 yards for Oxford against Yale?

THAT in 1901 C. B. Fry was leading batsman with 3,147 runs; in 1903 with 2,683 runs; 1905 with 2,801 runs; 1911 with 1,728 runs; and 1912 with 1,592 runs?

THAT he has four times scored two separate centuries in first-class matches; six consecutive centuries in 1901, when he scored 13 centuries?

THAT he has played soccer for Southampton and for England against Ireland; played Rugby for Oxford University and Blackheath?

THAT at Oxford he was captain of the cricket and Association football teams, and President of the Athletic Club?

THAT he has shone at many other games, and is entitled to be called England's greatest all-rounder?

THAT the more highly intelligent animals love to race? Many racehorses have strained their utmost to win in the last few lengths without the need of encouragement on the part of their jockeys.

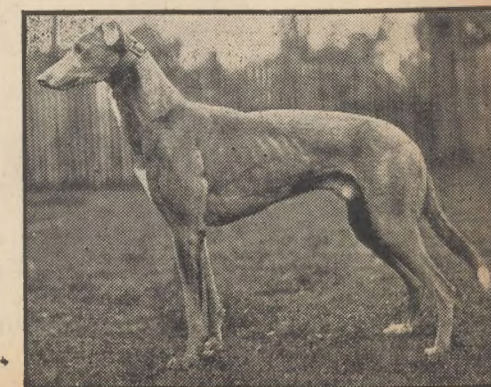
THAT Ormonde, always referred to in his day as the mighty Ormonde, had exceptional intelligence and enjoyed racing? Owned by the first Duke of Westminster, he was trained by the renowned Mr. John Porter. Ormonde won many races, most of them with ease. After winning the 2,000 Guineas in a canter, he won the Derby from The Bard and St. Mirin.

THAT Fullerton was the most famous of all coursing greyhounds? Purchased in 1888 by Colonel North for the then unheard-of sum of 850 guineas, this greyhound divided the Waterloo Cup in 1889 and won the event in 1890, 1891 and 1892. His skeleton is to be seen at the British Natural History Museum, South Kensington.

THAT Mick the Miller, as yet, remains the most famous track-racing greyhound? He won the Greyhound Derby in 1929 and 1930; the Welsh Derby in 1930, and the St. Leger in 1931.

THAT Mick the Miller was not a record-breaker in the sense of possessing great speed? He was that rarity, a greyhound with brains. He revealed track sense that had not previously been seen and has not yet been seen since. He loved to race, loved to win, and loved the cheers of the crowd. The old rascal, long after his retirement, used to be paraded on important occasions, and he always played to the gallery, because he liked the applause.

THAT his stuffed remains have joined those of Fullerton in the Natural History Museum?



The Late Mick the Miller



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

## Zip and Style in . . . OUR CRAZY VILLAGE SPORTS



Hop ! Skip ! and (wait for it !) Jump ! Spring-Heel Jack, the Baker's Boy, covered one chain, three perches and an ell. Here, he's doing the ell—a local record.

★  
Old Garge, who has won for 44 consecutive seasons, knocked up his 45th win in "Drink - the - Barrel - Dry." Knocked out was Old Garge, but still with his colours flying.



Putting on his four-way stretch one-piece, Joe, the Village P.C., threw out a challenge to all comers. Getting a grip with his Number Nineties, P.C. Joe huffed, puffed and pulled over. Joe, as you can see, is now huffing, prior to puffing.

Come once a year hereabouts in our village of Under Dunwich, and there is forgathered as speedy, true and stout a collection of sports as you could wish. By three o'clock, it was past closing time and Squire arrived to fire the pistol that started off the three-legged race. The race began this season at this side of the field where Farmer Brown's bull is kept. Last year the course went through the field, and the record then put up has never been beaten.



Trudie is the fastest thing on three feet in Our Village, but she couldn't synchronise in the three-legged race. The other two legs are away ahead, but were disqualified.



A very horse laugh from Harry the Hack. "Try a four-footed race next time," said Harry when he'd got his breath back.



Our Village's Biggest Attraction was Clarissa, famous in the annals of Under Dunwich as the only woman no tricycle would support. She sped home on her 6-speed Really-Truly, knocking 22.5 seconds off the record and ten inches off the tarmac.



Winner of the 'Oak-Pulling-Down' contest was Marathon Mac, seen here yelling. "Hoots Awa!" as the last root yielded and down came the noble tree. "All a question of training and porridge," says Mac.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Let go the painter you sap."

